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EXOTIQUE

. . . . dedicated to FASHIONS,
FADS and FANCIES

No. 18

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"TURN ABOUT IS FAIR PLAY"

by H. Zucca

* * * * *

Lana Clark's apartment, sixteen floors from the street, overlooked the East river and caught every breeze on a torrid summer night. The breezes were short and rare. It was certainly no evening to sit around in heavy clothes. Lana, sensible and young, searched for the scantiest G-string she had. Among the many feminine 'little things' she had, she found a small red-stringed patch of silk. She put it on and adjusted it as modesty would decree. Tying two silk handkerchiefs together she fashioned a hot evening bra.

The ringing doorbell brought Lana out of the bedroom into the hall. She opened the door. Then she suffered a frightening thought. What if it were someone unexpected? "I might

as well be nude." A second later, however, Jane walked in.

"Well, if it isn't the original silk girl!"

Lana felt a little disappointment. If a man had walked in she would have been frightened, but it might have been interesting. At least she wouldn't have to put up with Jane's sarcasm.

"You might as well get comfortable Jane. We don't have to leave for at least two hours."

"Not after all the trouble I had getting into these things. What do you think of them?"

Jane took a good look at Lana's almost nude body. She wondered if she would dare expose her beauty so blatantly.

While Jane was older than Lana, perhaps five years older, she had a solid curvy figure. Her face was dark and exotic, her hair wild and long. Her breasts were full and wonderfully shaped. Her hips were broad and gave a suggestion of power. Her long legs were

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well formed and carried her body in the most elegant fashion. But all of this was covered-- covered by clothes so strange and beautiful that Lana kept still for minutes taking in all the details,

"Jane, it's positively stunning! I think I will have to go as I am if I want to compete with you."

"Don't you dare even think of going the way you are. Besides, I think with the right garments you can look even more attractive."

Jane wore a low cut leather blouse. It was black patent leather and seemed polished like metal. A matching leather skirt of the same black patent leather, short and with a modish flair, it was fastened at the waist with a wide leather belt. The belt had a large swirl buckle of brass. Jane's legs fitted snugly into a sheer pair of gray nylons. The ends of her garter belt were visible as well as the delicate gray lace of her panties every time a breeze flowed through the room and caught in the flair of Jane's skirt. Instead of her usual arm length leather gloves, she wore a pair of gray nylon gloves. They were long and came up to just under her armpits.

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"Well," said Lana, "if you have to wear leather, that is certainly a summer costume."

"I almost wore nylon, but that's almost as hot, and as far as I'm concerned, not anywhere as attractive."

"You know I'm going to disagree with you. I think that a woman should wear any number of different kinds of clothing, after all some men like one material and other men like another. When a woman wears leather and nothing else she limits herself too much."

"Lana, I hate to say I'm older than you and I know better, but I have yet to meet the man who doesn't like leather. Some men like it and others love it. In any case, I've always met with success in leather and I hate to break a winning streak. By the way, what are you going to wear tonight? Satin? Nylon? Or are you going to be a copycat and wear leather, too."

Jane noticed that Lana was looking intently at her new high-heeled pumps. She lifted her leg up and placed it on a low chair. The pump was made of patent leather, black like the rest of her outfit.

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"Where did you get those exquisite pumps? How high are the heels?"

"The heels are a good six and a quarter inches high. The highest I've ever had. They're a gift from an unknown admirer. I got this package today. A private messenger delivered it and there wasn't even a card in it. I wish I knew who sent them. I certainly would like to thank him."

"Well, I wish I had a few unknown admirers who had such good taste in gifts. I never get anything better than jewelry, and flowers and candy--you know things like that. I think I may have a new problem for my hoot-maker to solve. Six and a quarter inch heels. Are they hard to stand on?"

"Not any harder than six inch heels. Once you've trained yourself to stand and walk in those, I think that another quarter of an inch is incidental. But it's not incidental in looks. I think they look better than any other pair of shoes I have."

"Why I don't think it's only that quarter of an inch difference in height. They are so slender and sharply pointed. They really are masterpieces. And I was thinking of wearin



sandals tonight."

"Don't you think it's about time you did get dressed."

"Surely, but let's have a cool drink first."

Jane went to her bar and filled a shaker with cracked ice, then she poured in a couple of jiggers of vodka. To this she added a few drops of mint and collins mixer. She shook the mixture up to cool it. Then she poured it into two goblets of Venitian glass.

"A Vodka Collins is just the drink to cool a gal off on a night like this."

"I would think that you are as cool as your going to be. Of course, we have to make certain sacrifices to be popular. What if we could stay home tonight lounging around in strip uniforms."

"Since you're here, Jane, you can help me get into my corset. You see, I'm not even thinking about the heat."

"I knew that you would dress tonight. But even I left off the corset."

Lana's corset was a one piece affair, a bold use of heavy leather. The top held her creamy breasts, pinching them up and outward, causing an illusion of cleavage. Lana's breasts were very large, almost alabaster in their whiteness and showing small delicate blue veins. They were firm and aside from the lower support of the corset, Lana did not need any other bra.

Jane helped Lana slip on the corset. Lana held on to the bed post of her large old-fashioned four-poster. Jane pulled the leather thongs through the steel eyelets. Lana's body was full and firm yet it yielded to the containing strength of the garment. It had taken many months of training until Lana could stand the constraining pressure of that corset. It pulled in her waist until it measured no more than fifteen inches all around. At first she was unable to breathe in that corset and a couple of times she passed out in that breathless thrill which a tight garment can cause. Now she knew how to control her breathing, taking short quick breaths and it was now natural as if she had been breathing that way all her life.

The going became harder now that Jane was almost finished lacing Lana into the corset. The last few laces are the hardest.

"Take a deep breath and hold for a few seconds."

As Lana took a deep breath, Jane shoved her knee into the small of Lana's back and with almost amazon strength succeeded in tying the last laces.

"Now you're in. I think I'll need another cool drink; this is not work for a hot evening."

"You'll have to help yourself. I have to get dressed. I can't go out in this corset, although I was a great success a few weeks ago when I went to a party with my corset over my dress. That was a novelty!"

Jane mixed a couple of Vodka Collins and when she returned, Lana had put on a pair of flesh colored nylons. She fastened them to the garter straps on the corset. They were so light a tint that it was hardly noticeable that she had them on. Yet they gave her legs that stockinged look which is so appealing and which bare legs are entirely without.

"I don't think I will wear panties. It's just too hot. This G-string is certainly enough."

"Here, I mixed one for you, too. This will keep you cool for a while."

While the girls sipped their second drink, Lana thought about the rest of her outfit. Her steel uniform was out. Leather was possible, but Jane was dressed in leather and Lana wanted to be different. Silk was also possible, but Jane would never forgive her if she dared to wear anything so revealing, as her only silk costume was entirely transparent and certainly without panties would be too spectacular. Cotton was cool but entirely without fashion, or so Lana believed; so that was out.

"I have it! I'll wear Satin! White Satin!"

"Silly girl. Didn't you know what you were going to wear. I knew a week ago. None of this impulse business for me, that's the way a girl gets herself in trouble."

"You know I don't like to plan things in advance. I like to meet challenges as they come, to make decisions on the spur of the moment. The thing you call trouble, I call adventure. I hope we have some adventure tonight."

"If that's the way you think, I don't

see how you can avoid adventures tonight. Now finish dressing or we'll be late. Since we're usually late let's try and be on time tonight. That will be a novelty."

"Enough of your biting sarcasm. Use it on the men, not on me."

Lana went to her large closet and took a white satin blouse off a hanger,

"It's a good thing I sent these to the cleaners last week, or I wouldn't have a thing to wear,"

Jane looked at the numerous articles of clothing which jammed the huge closet. She said, "We'll have to take up a collection and buy you some things. Otherwise, you'd have to go out in a couple of bandkerchiefs,"

"Well, I'm not getting any presents from unknown admirers and I think it would be lovely to go out in a couple of silks. If you say another thing I don't like, I'll do just that."

Lana pulled on her blouse. It was cut very low and clung to her body as only shiny satin can. She stepped into a long sheath

type skirt. It was very tight. About the knees it almost held Lana a prisoner. She found a pair of white satin shoes. They were extremely narrow and had very high-heels.

"It's too bad but the highest heels I have are only six inches high. I guess you have the advantage tonight, Jane."

"You'll have to get your bootmaker on the job, pronto. I bet you'll have higher heels by next week."

Just to be in style, Lana put on a pair of flesh colored gloves, matching her stockings. Again they were hardly noticeable, but gave an entrancing look to her hands and arms.

"I think I'm dressed now. Nothing spectacular, but it's a hot night and it'll probably be a bore. I bet I don't have anyone admiring me today."

They left Lana's apartment. A new operator was running the elevator. He couldn't take his eyes off these two lovelies.

Upon leaving the large apartment house they sighted a Hansom Cab. These old-

fashioned horse and carriage affairs usually stayed within Central Park, but this one probably had a call from the park to the East Side. Some people prefer to ride in these hansoms instead of the taxis.

"Let's take that hansom, Jane. It'll be some fun arriving at that party in a horse and carriage. Otherwise, we'll be much too early."

The cabman helped the girls into the cab. In the meantime a small crowd had gathered. Women as well as men could not help admiring the beautiful way in which these girls were attired.

"Do you think my secret admirer might have been one of those men outside, Lana."

"No, I expect you might even meet him tonight at the party. If you do, you'll be able to thank him properly."

"Now whose being sarcastic?"

They rode crosstown through the park and it was far more pleasant than by taxi. The slowness of the trip was enjoyable, so un-

like the usual routine of city life.

The driver had a large whip. He began to strike the horse repeatedly. At this show of cruelty, Jane called to the cabman.

"Why are you beating that poor horse?"

"He's too old to do this work. On a hot day like today, if I didn't whip him he would not move. If you don't mind going slowly I'll put this whip away."

They continued the rest of the way at a slow pace. Finally they left the park and made their way uptown. Stopping at a large unimpressive brown stone building, they paid the cabman, and Lana found a piece of sugar in her handbag to give to the horse.

"There's no telling what you can find in a woman's handbag Lana. You really surprised me. The horse deserved that sugar, but if he were mine I would also see to it that he gets a good whipping."

A footman met them at the door and escorted them inside. They found themselves in a large room lit by indirect lighting, which

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was very flattering to the women. The room was delightfully cool. It was air conditioned. The furniture was the most modern. It was specially made in strange and sometimes frightening forms. The floor was covered with thick luxurious rugs and tapestries hung from the wall. As yet nobody else had arrived.

"Well, we really are early. There's a first time for everything. How will we live this down."

The footman returned with a tray of drinks. The girls gladly took them and awaited the arrival of the other guests.

"Hello girls! You won't have long to wait. Believe it or not, you two are the only girls I have invited."

The two girls looked at their host, Mr. Rodgers, with amazement. He was dressed in evening clothes which usually are considered too hot for New York during the summer. He was handsome, rich, charming, and a man of perfect tastes. He was also unmarried.

"Why are we the only girls who were invited?" asked Lana.

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"Because this is a party for men. You two are going to provide the entertainment. I'm sure you will enjoy this more than any usual party. What I wanted to do was to put on a fashion show for some of my friends. Many of them are from out of town and I think they will see something new and interesting."

Just then a number of men were led into the room by the footman.

"So there you are. Gentlemen, I want you to meet Jane and Lana. These are probably the best dressed women in the whole town. In addition, they are both clever and friendly. They have agreed to model some garments which I have designed. First, of course, let's all find seats and sit down. My man will bring us drinks while the girls change into my latest designs."

"Jane and Lana, you'll find everything you need in the dressing room."

Jane called Mr. Rodgers aside.

"What if we don't want to give a fashion show? After all, we were invited to a party."

"I thought you would like those shoes I sent you. I was sure you would only be too glad to find some way of saying thanks."

"You are crafty, Mr. Rodgers. If the price of those shoes is a fashion show, then we'll have a fashion show, but don't mention this to Lana."

"I don't have to, since she knew all about it for weeks now."

Mr. Rodgers joined his friends, while the girls went into the dressing room. In the dressing room they found Celeste, Mr. Rodgers' French maid.

"I will assist you in dressing and undressing."

"Thank you, Celeste."

Celeste was dressed in a wonderful maid's outfit. She had on a satin blouse, which was very tight and her breasts bulged out giving the creamy satin a beautiful form. She wore a short wide skirt. Her pretty panties showed when she walked. She was poised on six inch high heels, and wore long gray nylons. She was both beautiful and dainty, everything a good French maid should be.

"Both of you must take everything off. Even your corsets."

Lana and Jane complied with Celeste's orders. It was strange taking orders from a maid, but she knew the program and the girls didn't.

"First we will model some undress uniforms. Lana put on these heavy cotton bloomers and this ordinary bra."

Lana put on those articles and then put on a pair of short knee-length cotton hose and a pair of black leather high-heels.

She then walked out into the room. She noticed that many of the men were showing great interest in the simple under garments she was wearing. Before she returned to the dressing room they gave her a loud ovation.

Jane came into the room after Lana had left. At first it was almost blinding. She was wearing a steel undress uniform of highly polished steel. Two pointed hemispheres linked by iron mesh served as a bra. They looked like the war uniform of some ancient damsel. Her panties, were made of two steel

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shells which were hinged at one side and closed with a clasp on the other flank. They started below the navel and ended where a pair of cloth scanties would end. To heighten the effect of this uniform, Jane wore tight bands of steel about her upper arm and carried a heavy mace which she humorously threatened the men with. Her high heels also looked as if they were made of steel, but they were ordinary six inch heels covered with aluminum foil.

Jane received a wild ovation of appreciation.

"Now we are going to see some full Fetish costumes," Mr. Rodgers told his guests.

Lana came out in a one piece leather outfit. It had a high open collar which plunged down to the midriff in a wide V. Her breasts which were contained in a silk bra of gossamer thinness were visible from the top and sides. The dress pulled in at the waist to give Lana that hourglass figure. She was wearing a waist cincher under the dress to narrow her waist at the right spot. The end of this outfit was only two inches down the thigh where it was met by a pair of black silk stockings. But most of her leg was not bare. She sported a wonderful knee-length pair of black leather



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"TURN ABOUT. . ." . Cont'd.

boots. They had lacing all the way up the front and stood on seven inch heels. The tightness at the top pushed a roll of flesh upward from the boot tops. The two boots were fastened together by a silver chain, which regulated the length of Lana's steps. Lana's gloves were arm length. They had lacing, which was not really used, but put on for decoration. The hands, however, had no fingers, they were shaped like mits. They could have been used in the event that Lana wanted to box the ears of one of the men.

"We can control the temperature in here but unfortunately we cannot make it rain. I say unfortunately because now you shall see a new concept in rain outfits."

It was now Jane's turn again to come out and show off Mr. Rodgers' wonderful fashions.

She carried a long thin umbrella. It had a cruel look. With a flick of her finger the umbrella opened and took the shape of a pagoda top. In another second it was again closed and ultra-thin. Jane's rain outfit consisted mainly of a raincoat with very little else. The coat was cut full, but short, and was left unbuttoned most of the way down the front. It was made

from white latex and an open belt hung from each side. No rain outfit is complete without boots, and this was no exception. White rubber boots, almost up to the knees would protect Jane against any deluge. Jane faced the audience and opened her coat fully. Amid the gasps of the men, they admired the beauty of her latex panties and bra. This was truly an all rubber costume for rainy days.

When Jane returned to the dressing room she had an evil glint in her eyes.

"Lana, I think the audience deserves a special treat tonight. Will you help me prepare one?"

"What are you thinking of?"

"I think that it might be unusual and entertaining if we dressed Mr. Rodgers in one of his own outfits. Of course, he would resist, if he knew, but I think we can trick him."

"I will also help you, Jane," said Celeste.

"Good. Now to begin with, Lana, you call him in here. Pretend to have encountered some difficulty. When he comes in we

will grab him and Celeste will put this leather mask over his head. It will serve as a gag."

When Mr. Rodgers entered he was taken entirely by surprise. Before he could give the alarm, the girls had placed a mystery mask over his head. They pulled tight the two straps and the one back strap.

Quickly they had him undressed and standing around in only his undershorts. Jane found a leather combination bra-corset and with the help of Lana and Celeste she began tightening the lacing.

Although Mr. Rodgers could not speak, he was able to breathe and hear through the mask, Jane knew this.

"Mr. Rodgers, do you still like being my secret admirer? Next time you invite me to a party, it had better be a party. But now I have the chance of thanking you. This is my way of doing it."

They tightened the corset to its full constricture. Lana almost felt sorry for Mr. Rodgers remembering how uncomfortable she felt the first time she was strapped into an hourglass corset.



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They pulled a dark pair of stockings over his legs. These were not sheer or it might have given the whole game away. They were fastened to the garter straps of the corset.

Celeste found just the right outfit. It was made of leather, red and smooth. It featured one piece construction. Starting with a high collar, it flowed down to the waist where it was form fitting and then in sheath style came down below the knees. There it was extremely tight,

It was hard squeezing a pair of the girls shoes on him, but after much effort a small pair of shoes were finally on his rather large feet. These shoes had six inch heels and the girls laughed when they pictured Mr. Rodgers walking in them.

This one piece garment had built-in gloves attached to the sides. The girls forced Mr. Rodgers hands and arms into the gloves. They then laced them tightly. It was impossible for Mr. Rodgers to remove his arms.

"Don't you think we have gone too far?" questioned Lana.

"You are a silly goose. Mr. Rodgers knows it's all a joke. All we are going to do is

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push him out the door into the room with his friends. I think that sooner or later someone will help him get out of these things. Of course, if no one does we can call his footman and tell him--about an hour from now."

"Mr. Rodgers may even like this," said Celeste, "he is a man of unusual and varied tastes. He may even send both of you beautiful presents tomorrow."

"Before we push him into that room, we had better put on our own clothing." Lana always showed good sense.

Hurridly they dressed. Celeste took off her maid's costume and dressed in leather.

"Now we are going to put you with your friends. I wonder how long you can fool them. Don't try and stop us if you get out of that outfit quickly or we will do even worse to you. I don't think you will be so naughty next time. Celeste is going out with us tonight. I think we will go to some of the better night spots and have a good time. Good night, Mr. Rodgers."

They pushed him through the door and for a moment watched as he tried to walk

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on his heels. He certainly didn't want to take a nasty fall.

The girls laughed to themselves as they left the house through the side exit which Celeste showed them. They hailed a cab and set off for a night on the town.

THE END





"SURPRISE PARTY" . . .

by Edith Reynolds

* * * *

Whenever the U.S.S. Gudahy raced into port, came to a dead stop, there tumbled out some hundreds of sailors, overstocked with green-backs, energy, bravado, and sexual prowess. Out of this mass of pin-up pasting, dice razzing men of the sea, busted three inseparable companions, huddies, Mike, Joe, and Tiger, one taller than the other in that order. They were a tri-part individual; they laughed, drank, cursed, and went for women in the same way.

Mike had a pin-up collection, so complete that every mate aboard, had at one time or other, come to his so-called files for reference material. He had a near naked picture of every

beautiful woman the world over, so the legend goes, but actually a lot of the gals were well dressed in sweaters, bathing suits, turkish towels and leather. Where he got all these pictures nobody knew, but the collection was immense.

Probably one of the most gorgeous females in the collection, was an Irish girl sitting naked, cross-legged among goats. She was dark and serene, and a small goat nuzzled against her breast. Her hair met the blue grass. This picture was a prize in the collection. It was a candid shot taken in an out of the way spot in Ulster by Mike's kid brother.

Most of the other pictures in the collection were posed by professional cheese-cake models, and occasionally one of the men contributed a picture of his wife or sweetheart who was particularly gorgeous. One sailor's sweetheart, forlorn, lovely, and desirous sent her lover a picture in panties, unabashedly posed naked and pretty on top, hiding behind the clothes line in the back yard. One picture has a pretty young wife, a school teacher in a small town, a piece of chalk in one hand writing kiss me. Her

hair is trapped in a very austere bun, she wears a high necked white blouse, but as for her bottom she is back to the camera, kind of leaning on the knees and stark dimpled naked.

However, the most popular photo with the crew was one that represented more than desire. It represented everything that was feminine. Strangely enough, the Titian haired exotic beauty was more than completely clothed. She was richly and femininely attired. She looked sultry. The mouth was partly open and a row of pearly white small teeth were exposed. The tongue played with the teeth. She was lying in a bed of cushions on the floor. She wore a clinging black satin sheath dress with a plunging neck-line. Her lacy light-blue bra and the cleft of her bosom were ever so slightly exposed. Her arms were sheathed in long canary-yellow gloves, with red stones at the wrists and part of her dainty petty-coat laciness was fluffed upward on the pillow. Her long sinuous legs were sleeked by the pale flesh colored nylons she wore, and her black patent leather pumps with high-heels jabbed one silk pillow. From her shoulder streamed a red velvet cape.

When the threesome found themselves

outside the confines of the old ship, they had plenty of loot between them. They decided to meet the girl of the last photo. The only address they had was Club Grotto, which was stamped across the back of the photo. They took a cab to get there in the shortest amount of time.

They swaggered into the club and took a good look. Every female in the place was undressed in their fashionable attire. There was a gorgeous blond sitting with a short pimply soldier at ringside. Two dark good-looking girls sat at the bar. One of the girls beckoned to the three, and they gathered around.

"What are you handsome boys looking for?"

"We are looking for the girl in this picture. The only address we have is this place."

Tiger took out the famous photo. The girls carefully scrutinized the photo.

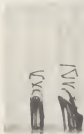
"Sure, I know this one," said the prettier of the two girls, only hold on to the side of the boat fellows. This she-devil is no-bodies sister. She is a he."

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"What do you mean?" asked the surprised gobs.

"I mean," said the girl, "it's a show girl. It's Bill, the famous transvestite!"

THE END . . .





"CHASTITY BELTS FOR MEN!!"

by C. Wade

* * * *

The American woman today, having been properly emancipated has become very domineering and dictatorial. It's nothing unusual for an angry wife, towering over an obsequious husband, berating him for a night out with the boys. Most husbands quiver and shake with the thought that when they come home after midnight, the angry wife, her heel and toes banging on the floor in anger, will unleash furies upon the errant husband.

In the days of knighthood, the situation was reverse. Men were the masters and women did their bidding. So powerful was the male influence that if a knight had to go out to battle for a few days, he locked his wife up--literally and physically. There were a number

of chastity belts in use by which a woman could be completely secured and only the departing husband had a key. Such a belt, made completely with leather and metal, was like an athletic supporter except that it was completely covered. The belts, made of thick, black shiny leather would be fastened tight around the waist of the meekly protesting wife. The belts would cut deep into her flesh; for a woman to be laced up so tight to the point of fainting was not unusual. All other garments were removed first and this chastity belt was placed against her bare waist--fastened and locked with a lock and key. Only the husband had the key and only upon his return could she be released. The legendary "man in the iron mask" who wore a mask locked around his entire head with only openings for eating and breathing could not have suffered as much as the female wearing a chastity belt.

But within the past half century, the situation has reversed itself. Now, it is the woman who dominates and the male must do her bidding. There are available chastity belts for men which enables a wife to lock up her husband's waist both front and back and she knows he will do her bidding without fail--if he wants to be released from this bondage. The U.S. Patent Office has granted permits for the

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following inventions to be manufactured. The numbers are also given.

U.S. Patent No. 587,994 was awarded to a San Franciscan Michael McCormick some time ago. He stated that women were the ruling race and all men should be subservient. He advocated the use of a special chastity belt that he invented which would help bring the strongest male under the heel of any woman. According to the description, it is quite a punishing implement for a man to wear but since some men are stubborn, such methods must be used to make them bow to the inevitable. McCormick's belt had a metal shield in front which fit the male's stomach. There was a metal shield in back which was joined to the front one by a steel-stitched leather belt. The waist of the male was bound by metal-like straps which held him so tightly bound that he could not take a deep breath. When the belt was put on, the male was ordered to breathe deeply and it was fastened as tightly as could be. At the crotch were "pricking points," as McCormick called them. Needle-sharp, they inflicted much torture and pain. The inventor offers this explanation, "When from any cause, friction begins, it will come in contact with the pricking points and the necessary pain or warning sensation will result. If the person wearing the device be asleep, he will be awaken-

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ed or recalled to his senses in time to prevent further expansion."

McCormick further advises wives who want to punish their husbands for being too annoying or not obeying enough, that the husband be forced to bend over and pick up a lot of small objects from the floor. The pressure of the belt will then become so tight he may be at the point of fainting. This would be a good lesson to men who forget to remain in their places, says the inventor.

U.S. Patent No. 641,979 was granted to Joseph Lees of Pennsylvania. This male chastity belt rendered the male completely helpless as far as his midsection was concerned. It was very similar to the male athletic supporter, made of metal but with tight leather straps, its edges cutting into the skin and leaving red welts. Lees perfected the male chastity belt to quite a level. He attached a remote control contraption. Within the belt was a tiny battery wired for receiving. At a distance, the wife could press a button and ring a bell, summoning the punished husband to her side. Once locked in this device, the male could only await his wife's mercy to let him free. If he misbehaved, he would be punished all the longer.

A Georgian in 1906, Raphael Sonn perfected U.S. Patent No. 826,377. The sheath was "of a suitable material of lightness, strength and non-corrosive properties". When the husband was strapped and locked into this belt, one strap remained loose. If he misbehaved, the husband was subjected to further punishment when the wife pulled the strap, tightening the belt even further. The padlock was in the back, of course. Sonn suggested what was probably the first strait jacket ever devised; this was merely a pair of leather sleeves, joined together, which fastened the man's arms behind him, rendering him completely helpless. The sleeves and belt were both padlocked and he was at the mercy of the one inflicting punishment upon him. Needless to say, once a man was punished this way, he learned his lesson and would not misbehave himself again. The leather sleeves bound his arms from the elbows down to the tips of his fingers and he could hardly move them at all. If he stumbled, he had to call for someone to help him get up again as his arms were made useless by the leather sleeves.

Ellen F. Perkins of Minnesota received a grant for her chastity belt invention, U.S. Patent, No. 875,845. If the members of the Inquisition had used her belt, they would have had less difficulty in obtaining confessions. This belt was

the simplest and most effective. It was a metallic crotch--one part clamped over the front, the other clamped over the rear. When necessary, a gate in front was unlocked for the obvious. The wife held the key and the bound husband had to ask her to open it. This chastity belt was quite an improvement since it had a series of leather straps which went over the shoulders, bound the waist--similar to a harness placed upon horses and mules. If the man was particularly in error and needed more punishment, the leather belts could be tightened and the man's shoulders slumped over. In some extreme cases, Miss Perkins' advised that the man be made to walk slightly doubled over. This was sure, she said, to cure husbands of being overly dictatorial and to teach them their place in the home.

The above were mostly made of metal. Some leather chastity belts were presented for patents but for some reason or other, never were granted any. One was created by a young woman of Cleveland, designed for very stubborn men. It was made completely of leather and was about three feet in length. It was like a corset except much longer and entirely leather. The errant man stood stiff and straight, both arms clasped firmly to his sides. He wore nothing. This leather corset was lowered over

his head and pushed down until its top reached his shoulders and the bottom came to about three inches below his hips. Then, the leather strings and cords were made tighter and tighter, pulled so close that it looked as if the man were being sewed into a leather tube. Then the strings were fastened into tiny eyelets. In this position, the man could not make himself free but he could walk around and with some difficulty, sit or recline slightly. When leather of such thickness is pulled so tight, punishment for a man who still refuses to be meek is quite simple and effective. The inventor also offered a flat leather paddle about two feet long. Made of hard leather, it was about a half inch thick. The angry wife had merely to slap the errant male about the hips with this leather paddle. A few slaps inflicted stabbing, electric like pains since the male's flesh was so tightly packed together. Sometimes he would be unable to hold his balance. The inventor suggested turning him over, face down, and administering the paddle "until tears roll down his cheeks and he is willing to behave himself and admits his role as that of a subservient male." In this helpless leather chastity belt which was more like a leather corset and strait jacket combined, the male would learn his position in little time.

To complete the above outfit, the Cleveland lady had special high-heeled boots to be worn by the man, making walking a difficulty, to further teach him discipline. These boots were of shiny black patent leather, the toes as tiny as could be made possible. The heels were as thin as the pinky finger on your hand and were frequently studded with glittering costume jewelry to make them attractive. The boots often went as high as the man's knees. He was laced into these boots, the strings drawn tight around his ankles and all the way up his calves. Since men have more muscular calves, it requires effort to bunch all the flesh together, but once it is done, the man can walk around, stilt-like, but he can walk, nevertheless. He tilts slightly forward because the heels are at least five inches long. When laced up in the leather chastity belt, tilting forward increases the pressure. He resorts to a slight hop-skip walk which can be quite comfortable once he gets adjusted to it. The leather belt, which you may recall reaches from his shoulders down below his hips, should be fastened very securely so that his arms cannot move at all. Then, his legs up until his knees are fastened by the shiny patent leather boots with the thin glittering heels. Thus, he is rendered hopeless. It takes practice for him to adjust himself and be able to walk around.

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Since he cannot use his arms, he relies strictly upon his wife to help him in all his needs--including feeding and washing and even lighting a cigarette. The purpose is to make him depend upon the female, not to think that he is so independent and can live by himself. One weekend--such as three solid days of being strapped in this device helps make him a better husband, willing to obey his wife's commands when necessary.

THE END . . .

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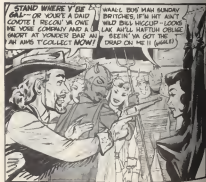
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